

# LES GIRLS

BOYS WILL BE GIRLS

VOLUME 2  
NUMBER 2

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## LES GIRLS GOES TO SINGAPORE

*Visit Bugis Street,  
the center of  
transsexualism  
in the Far East!*

## THE BUGIS STREET PARTY

*A night to  
remember!*

## THE ROAD TO SINGAPORE

*A transsexual's  
own story*

## FANNY LAMOUR

*A New York  
sensation!*

## THE QUEEN MARY

*The club,  
The performers,  
The legend!*



**SPECIAL EDITION**  
A REPORT ON  
THE FAR  
EAST!!



# LES GIRLS

## BOYS WILL BE GIRLS

VOLUME 2  
NUMBER 2

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## EDITORIAL

We are extremely saddened to report that the end has come for **Les Girls** Magazine. This will be our final issue. The reasons for our decision are simple — we simply cannot afford to publish **Les Girls** under the conditions which have been imposed upon us by the community of female mimics, nightclub owners and event organizers. The temperament of the community as a whole makes it impossible to continue putting out a creative, informative and entertaining periodical which serves that segment of society. In the beginning, with **Female Mimics** and then later with **Les Girls**, we counted on the co-operation of the performers, owners and organizers for their support. We got that support. But that was before female impersonation became a big business, and before those connected with that area of entertainment began losing their heads over the amount of media attention being paid them. During the dark days prior to the invasion of the television cameras we served those people with integrity and honesty. We represented their needs, ambition, talent and success. We were the only media outlet geared to effectively expressing the truth. But then came national attention, and in a short period of time the



egos swelled and most in the business forgot who their true friends were. The quick buck, the lure of the lights and the sudden notoriety made **Les Girls** expendable in their minds. They virtually locked us out, making it difficult to get the stories and financially impossible to cover them. The very same people we had helped off the floor in the beginning decided that they were above such mundane qualities as loyalty. We will not fight the community. Our purpose has been to

work with them, to provide an outlet for a minority much maligned in our society. This has become impossible and so we must close our doors. To the good people out there who understand the value of roots and loyalty, we say good-bye. To those who have turned their backs, we offer our sympathies. The day will come when the cameras turn to another arena of exploitation and you will once again be on your own. Only this time, **Les Girls** will not be there.



# Singapore

## An Exotic Odyssey

**A transsexual  
revolution?  
Look to the  
East and to  
the city of  
Singapore!**





I was surprised when my publisher called and asked if I wanted to journey to Singapore. The reason was a simple one, to photograph the beautiful transsexuals who have flocked to that city over the past decade. My realm had formerly been in Western capitals such as Paris, New York and Los Angeles. In my mind, the regions of Southeast Asia somehow did not seem ripe for a transsexual revolution. My publisher informed me that I was dead wrong and that, in fact, Singapore was fast becoming one of the great modern centers of transsexualism in the world. He felt that it was high time we at *Les Girls* turned our editorial eye towards the East. "You're not going to believe what you see there," were his parting words.

The East, no matter the mission, always managed to surprise and intrigue the Western mind. It is, simply, a different world. We in America have been born from Western cultures, and even when traveling through foreign nations on the continent we can relate to the similarities. But the East holds no history in that egocentric manner. It is a land that has been culturally active far longer than Western civilization, a land of mystery, beauty and forceful tradition.

Landing in the beautiful, modern city of Singapore, I felt the instant assault of the senses which one always feels when entering the East. The colors are somehow brighter, the temples and mosques more lavish and ornamental, and the tropical foilage more dramatic. The visitor senses a permanence about the place, about the land. Even though much of Singapore is under construction and new high rise buildings seem to suddenly appear almost every other day.

My assignment was to photograph the transsexuals who populate the world famed Bugis Street. After checking into my deluxe hotel, I wandered over to the street that has come to be known as the center of all transsexualism in the East. It was nearly sundown, and the warm tropical breezes helped to cool off the blistering heat of the day. Bugis Street looked like any other street in Singapore, with a rash of shops, boutiques and outdoor foodstalls. I settled into a small cafe and ordered a dinner of fish and rice, along with an Asian beer and began my wait. Midnight, I had been told, would bring about an incredible alteration of this street.

When the midnight hour arrived, the changes began. Shopkeepers brought out tables and chairs, and some closed their stores. Others remained open, knowing that the floor show which is Bugis Street would bring much in the way of tourish dollars. Many new faces appeared, some appearing to be street hustlers, others setting up small tables with chalkboards. I would learn later that these men would wager a tourist on a game of tic-tac-toe, and invariably win. As these assorted characters

assumed their places, like a cast of a play meandering onto a stage, the entire rhythm of the street changed. There was no longer any vehicle traffic, the street had been blockaded with only pedestrians allowed. And, the tone of the day was being replaced by a sophisticated and very exotic mood. It was, indeed, the time of the transsexual on Bugis Street.

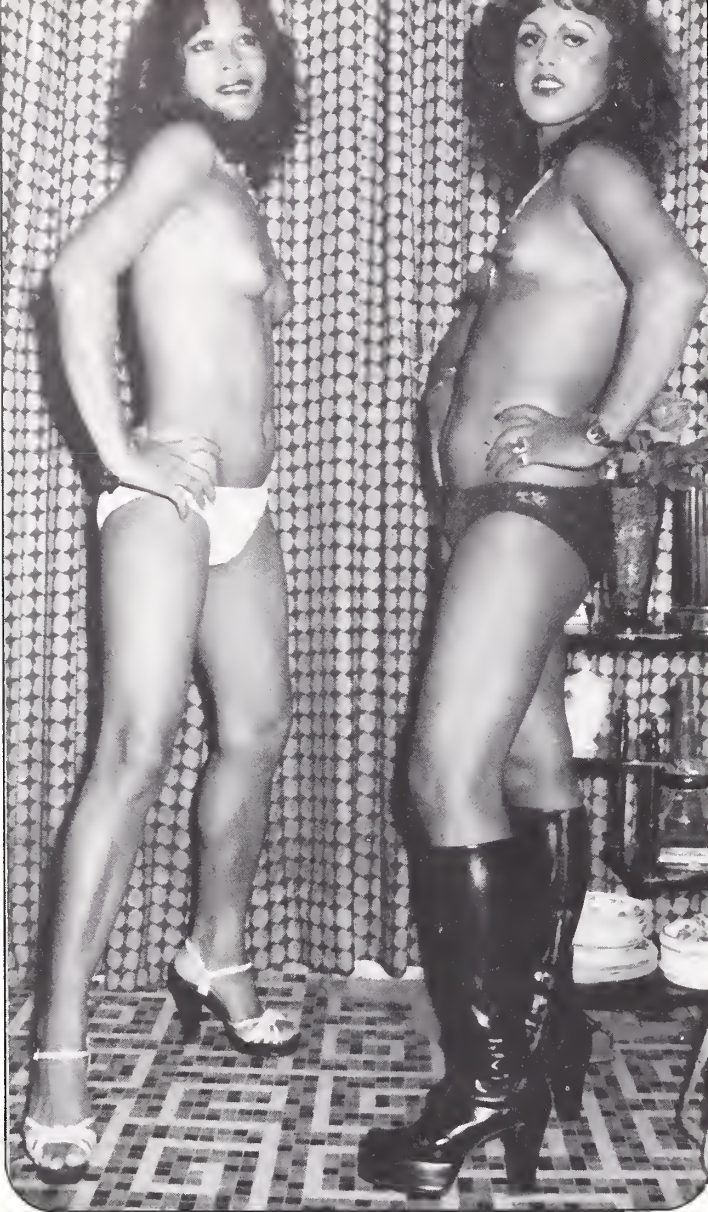
They appeared as in a swarm. There seemed to be hundreds of them, dressed in exotic gowns and silks. They were all beautiful. Some were Chinese, others Indian and a great number appeared to be Eurasians, that incredible mix of Eastern and Western blood that has resulted in the creation of some of the world's most beautiful people.

I sat at my table and watched this parade, occassionally clicking my camera without being too obvious about it. Most of the she-males who wandered by merely smiled down at me, winked and kept walking. Their figures were beautiful, and their faces exquisite as only the Oriental face can be. A large proportion of them wore silken Oriental dresses, hugging body-tight and slit provocatively up the sides. All of them wore extremely dramatic high heeled shoes, giving them the aura of being much taller than they actually were.

After years of traveling the world for *Les Girls* Magazine, I thought I had seen everything. To be truthful, the fashion show of beauty on Bugis Street was taking my breath away. I do not believe I have ever seen more beauty and elegance placed in one central location at one time. Any Parisian







connoisseur would have been overjoyed by the splendid show.

I was being paid, however, to do more than sip beer and relish the passing parade of beauty. I spotted one beautiful Eurasian 'girl' sitting close by, wearing a yellow silk dress that was slit all the way to her hip. I smiled at her, and she smiled back. It was my understanding that many of the transsexuals who populate Bugis Street work as prostitutes, and it was fairly obvious that this beauty was one of those girls. I approached her and discovered that she spoke perfect English. I wanted to interview her and take her photograph, and she agreed, after a small discussion over price.

We walked together to a small cafe and sat in the rear. She seemed more than anxious to talk. Her name was Kim, and she told me that she was from a small village in Malaysia.

"My father was French," Kim told me, "and my mother Malay. We were a middle class family, raised in the church and well educated. But during my teens I knew that I was different. I did not feel or act like the other boys. I felt like a girl. I suppose that I always have."

Kim went on to tell me that during her fifteenth year she began to cross dress. Alone in her small village, she hid from public view and could not relate her condition to the outside world. "There was no one else around with my problem. I felt isolated."

"I felt as though the world had opened up for me," Kim remembers. "I was young, without much money and unsure about myself. And suddenly, here I was in the midst of hundreds of others just like me. Beautiful women, boys like myself who had begun to alter their sex because they had never felt right about being male."

On Bugis Street, Kim began to find everything she was searching for. The locals showed her where to get hormone shots, and gradually, her body began to change. Then later on, some others took her to a doctor where breast surgery was performed and implants gave her a decidedly feminine figure.

"It was then," Kim recalls, "that I began working as a prostitute. There are many businessmen from Singapore, as well as tourists, who want sex with a transsexual. And they pay very well for the opportunity. Here on Bugis Street, there is enough work for everyone."

I asked Kim about the customers, their particular desires and sexual personalities. "The tourists are strange because they come on a lark," Kim replied. "They are far from home in an exotic country and they feel that they should try everything. We offer them a truly unique experience. Then there are the regulars, men from Singapore's wealthy business class who come once, maybe twice a week. They treat us as women, and seem to enjoy having sex with us because we are beautiful."







The potential for having a sex change operation in Singapore is very great because of the existence of the Alexandria Hospital, a government-run institution which is world renowned for its achievements in the field of sex alteration. When I asked Kim about the possibility of an operation in her future, she merely smiled. "I'm not sure," she said after giving it thought. "Many of the transsexuals who come here never have the surgery. We Orientals are very cautious about our bodies, and we do not enjoy taking unnecessary risk. The operation is a major decision, one that many people I know cannot come to grips with. As for myself, I don't really know."

In Singapore, the operation is legal, sanctified by the government as a standard surgical procedure. Thus, the transsexuals who come to this city are not routed by exorbitant fees that exist elsewhere in the world because of the legal status of the operation. In Singapore, there is no black market for the operation, no underground profiteering at the expense of individuals who find themselves in emotional need of the surgery.

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*"Everything a girl could want is here," Kim explained, "hormone pills, even padded bras. There is a huge black market for these things in Singapore."*

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"This attitude," Kim explains, "gives us the freedom of choice. We are very relaxed about having the operation. We know it is there any time we want it. We do not get desperate. This is not like the West or the United States where I hear stories of transsexuals going to quack surgeons and becoming mutilated. The government here is much more tolerant of us, they try to understand."

Kim later introduced me to a 'girlfirend', named Susie. Susie was pure Chinese and had recently come to Singapore from Taiwan. Susie was beautiful, with long black hair and almond shaped eyes. She wore a see through blouse and a tight little skirt. Her breasts were full, and she was by far the most beautiful 'woman' on Bugis Street.

Kim translated as Susie spoke. Susie worked during the day at one of the cities largest hotels. She was a cocktail waitress, and no one in management knew her true identity. When her shift ended at two o'clock each morning, Susie would come to Bugis Street to be with her firends. She was not a prostitute, but one of the local shopkeepers did pay her a small sum of money to







spend her hours sitting in front of his store. Through Kim, Susie explained that the merchants of Bugis Street loved the transsexuals because they attracted a huge, after hours group of tourists.

Kim later explained to me that Susie was one of the serious transsexuals. Susie was saving money for the operation, and was scheduled to enter Alexandria Hospital within six months. "After that," Kim said, "Susie will disappear from Bugis Street. She will meet a wealthy businessman and marry. That is the dream of many of the girls on Bugis Street."

Later into the evening, Kim, now acting as my guide, took me to a table around which sat three incredible striking transsexuals. One wore a French designer gown, another an Oriental silk dress and a third a chiffon number that seemed somehow out of place. The three were Eurasian, and held themselves as though they were Paris models.

"They are Paris models," Kim explained. "They work for Paris designers and photographers who come here to capture the 'look' of Singapore." Kim went on to explain that the transsexual community, because of its Oriental fashion and its abundance of fashion high heels has become something of a phenomenon in the world of high fashion. Designers, photographers and buyers are



continually combing Bugis Street, searching for ideas and for models. "Many of the girls have worked for the Paris people," Kim says. "They are the ones responsible for the new surge and popularity of the Oriental look."

The models were, indeed, doing much to promote the idea of the Oriental look. But then again, every TV and transsexual on Bugis Street was doing 'her' share. The tourists who flooded the street that night were transfixed by the beauty of it all. They gawked and stared, and after a while I am certain they were unable to tell what was what and who was who.

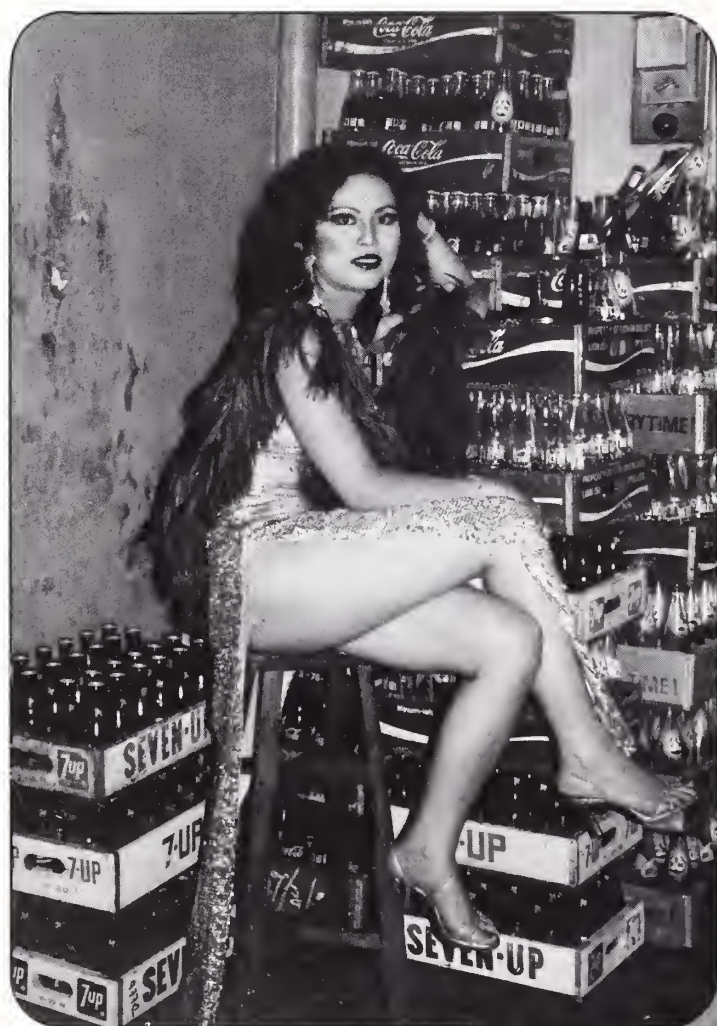
Towards dawn, when the street lightened up and many of the regulars returned to the apartments, Kim led me down a series of side streets and into a small cafe. She nodded to the owner, a small

Oriental man in his sixties, and then she proceeded towards the rear of the cafe. We entered a small room, dimly lit, with large counters on each wall. The place looked like a pharmacy. In actuality, that is exactly what it was. "Everything a girl could want is here," Kim explained. "hormone pills, even padded bras. There is a huge black market for these things in Singapore."

The black market exists here, as it does throughout the world. But in Singapore, the government with its sponsored operations in its hospitals is much more tolerant of such things. The black market here seems to be more a matter of convenience than a purposeful measure to sidestep legalities.

After the visit to the tiny dispensary, Kim led me back to Bugis Street. The sun was beginning to rise in the East, and many of the daytime foodstall operators were spending the warm early morning hours washing down the areas in front of their stalls. In another hour or so, the street would be once again jammed with businessmen and tourists, grabbing an early meal on their way to work or sightseeing. Like a character out of a gothic novel, Kim looked around and sighed, then told me that it was time for her to return to her apartment. She offered to meet me that night when I would be able to shoot more photos.

Kim turned and began walking down Bugis Street and towards home. I realized that now, the street was no longer hers. But at midnight she, along with hundreds of her TV and transsexual compatriots would once again claim Bugis Street. And throughout the warm tropical night this incredible avenue of sophisticated beauty would belong to them.





*Fanny  
Lamour*

**New  
York  
Sensation!**





The Big Apple gives birth to yet another entertainment superstar. For two years, Fanny Lamour has held the city in the palm of her hand as she headlined some of the biggest clubs in Manhattan. Word traveled fast across the Eastern seaboard and Fanny quickly became a local legend. Now, this beautiful talent is spreading her wings and showing the world how she took New York!



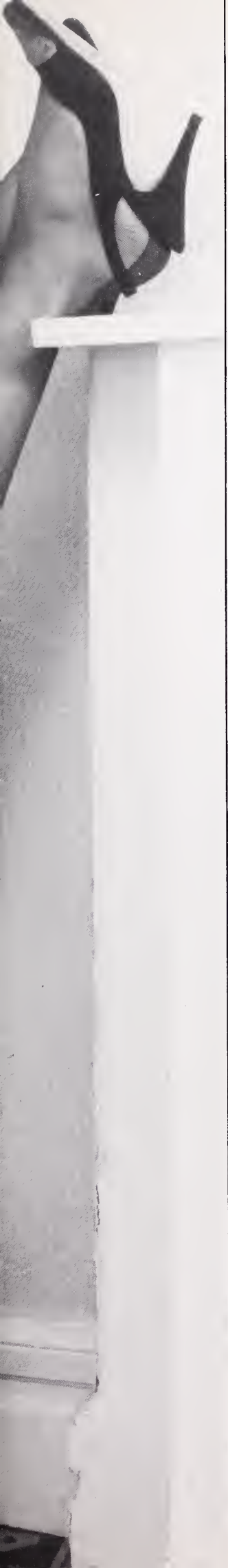












Fanny knows how to wow 'em in the clubs. Dressed in nylon stockings, high heeled shoes and designer fashions, she literally takes over a club when she appears onstage. Fanny exudes a sultry sexuality that permeates a room and heats up a crowd. She possesses a beautiful body and knows how to use it. Combine those qualities with her natural talent as an entertainer and you have the makings of a star. For Fanny Lamour, stardom is just around the corner!









In the world of female mimics, Fanny is a supremely sensual standout. Her soulful sexuality emanates from deep within, enhancing the beauty and voluptuousness of her body.

She has taken the art a step further and shown us all just how beautiful a man can be. Fanny is a glamorous one of a kind!



Fanny  
Lamour —  
a sex  
goddess  
in the  
world of  
female  
mimics!









Fanny Lamour's career is expanding like wildfire. Her fame in New York City has spread across the rest of the continent and Fanny plans to follow her own legend.









# the QUEEN MARY

*A visit to Los  
Angeles' legendary  
femme nightclub!*





*The Queen Mary has established  
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extravagant entertainment  
featuring superior talent. It is  
one of the most popular clubs  
in Los Angeles.*









*The national television media has  
focused on the Queen Mary, and the  
public response has been fantastic.*



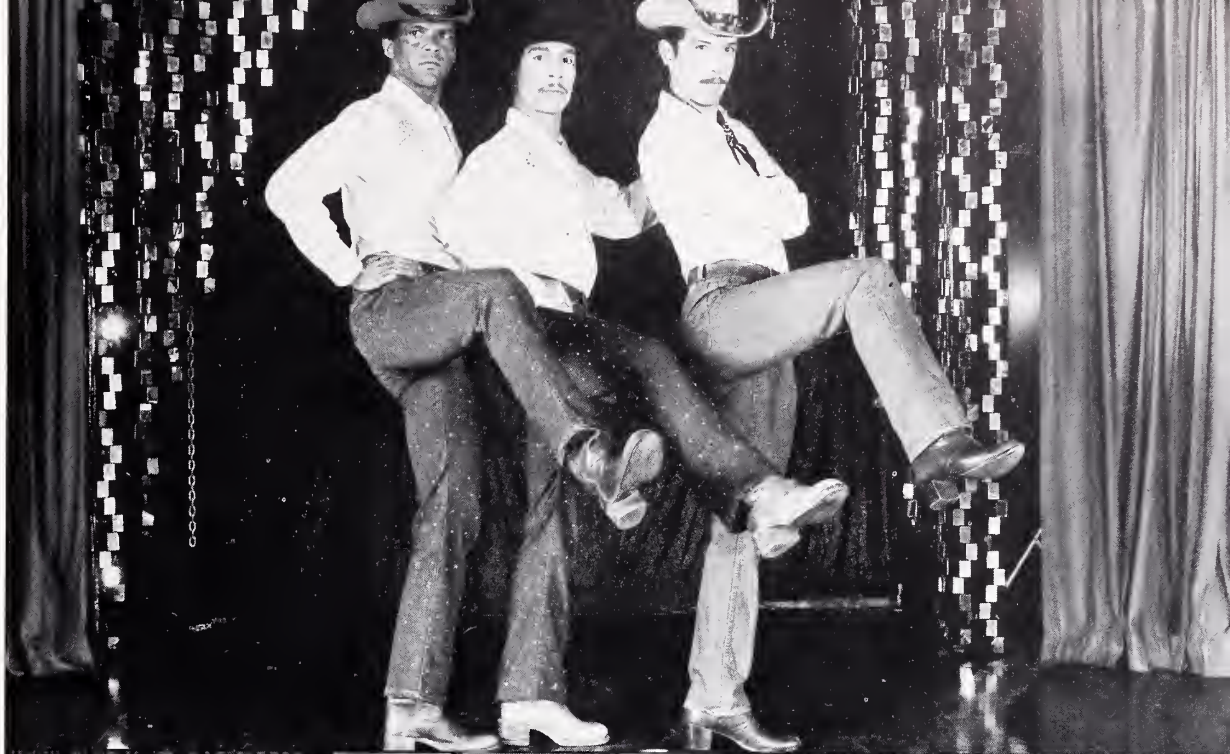














# SABARET







*'Cabaret', one of the alltime blockbuster musicals and films is always popular fare at the Queen Mary. Mimics impersonating Liza Minelli and Joel Grey never fail to bring the audience to their feet with standing ovations.*













*Spectacular  
production  
numbers and  
costumes  
is one  
reason why  
the Queen  
Mary has  
enjoyed  
such a  
great  
success.*









*The Queen Mary continually features some of the biggest talent in Los Angeles. The club has become an 'in' spot for Hollywood's elite. On any given night one can spot some of the world's biggest entertainers enjoying the show. When in Los Angeles, be sure to visit the Queen Mary. It's the place to be!*









# The LES GIRLS Party On

## BUGGIES STREET

*The transsexual community of Singapore throws one of history's wildest bashes in honor of our visit!*





The word had apparently spread on Bugis Street in Singapore that *Les Grils* was in town. Bugis Street, the notorious gathering place from midnight 'till dawn of Singapore's most beautiful, and most available transsexuals had rarely been given the opportunity to show itself off to the American press. As far as we knew, we were the first American publication to ever cover the phenomenal story that is Bugis Street.

For a solid week, our photographers and writers were involved with the transsexuals on Bugis Street, collecting photos and interviews to be published in *Les Girls*. Our staff was obvious, sticking out as only the press can like sore thumbs. Fortunately, the reputation of *Les Girls* had preceded us, and the 'girls' of Bugis Street were more than happy to accomodate us. *Les Girls* is, after all, one of the most popular magazines on Bugis Street, and a must read for the natives. We were delighted to discover that everyone had heard about us. It made our job that much simpler.

We were wholly satisfied with our reception during that first week and not prepared for the news that a large group of 'girls', merchants and other Bugis Street regulars had decided to throw us a huge bash to celebrate our presence. When you're in the magazine business, you run constantly from hot to cold. Sometimes the people love you, other times they run you out of town. It's always a pleasant experience to walk into a community and be embraced by the people. We were hot that week on Bugis Street, but not nearly as hot as the party would be.

The locals scheduled the party to begin at midnight on a Friday night. We were to be feted, entertained and regaled by beautiful transsexuals to our hearts' content. It would be a Bachanalian festival unlike anything we'd ever seen.

That, my friends, was an understatement. From the moment we arrived, it was obvious that this was going to be one hell of an evening. And, it was apparent that it would be unlike anything we'd ever seen.

We on the staff of *Les Girls* have been around the world seeking out the wildest and most beautiful female impersonators, TV's and transsexuals. We have seen the shows in Paris, visited the private clubs in Hamburg, and spent long, glamorous evenings in New York City. But this one night on Bugis Street was destined to etch itself into our memory above all the rest. It was a night that would live in infamy.

It all began around midnight. A special table, complete with silk tablecloth and oriental candles, was set up in the middle of the street. We were seated, and joined by some of Bugis Streets' most beautiful transsexuals. Silken haired lovelies with names like Kim, Su-Ling and Mai settled in with us for a feast that was beyond description. The



merchants and foodstall owners had each contributed a dish, each one offering their own specialty. From small portions of Peking duck to Seschuan Chinese to Chicken Curry our menu covered the entire landscape of Asia. It was a smorgasbord featuring the best that the Orient had to offer.

Then came the drinks. Japanese Saki, and Japanese beer. Rum from Singapore and mellow British scotch from Hong Kong. All first rate and all with the ability to really get the party moving.

After dinner, the entertainment began. A small stage was placed near the table, and we were





presented with a variety act featuring the most talented and beautiful transsexuals on Bugis Street. A striking Chinese 'girl' performed a traditional dance with a paper mache dragon; another enacted out a role from a Chinese Opera and still another sang songs which were popular during the Ming Dynasty.

A Eurasian 'girl', one of the most beautiful I have ever seen, performed a Hindu temple dance, complete with headdress. She looked like a vision





from ancient history, the member of another civilization who had long ago perished.

For one solid hour we were entertained by these classical artists, each one a transsexual and more probable than not, each one a professional working girl who based herself on Bugis Street.

As the night wore on, the drinks flowed more freely, the entertainment became more risqué. A Chinese transsexual performed a traditional, old-fashioned American striptease to David Rosen's "The Stripper". It was camp at its highest, fetching and humorous. It was also stimulating, especially when 'she' got down to her G-string. Seeing her beautiful breasts and exquisite legs, it was no secret why the transsexuals on Bugis Street are as popular as they are.

Following this act, a couple appeared on stage. The boy was very slight and very pretty, obviously a transsexual gone straight for the evening show. The girl was beautiful, frail but with an exquisitely proportioned body. Our guide explained that she was a sex-change. She had to be because she was completely nude, as was the boy.

This 'special' act, we were told, was performed every night in a very private club. Because of our presence, and in our honor, they were about to perform in public for the first time. They called

their act, "The Kama Sutra". And for the next thirty minutes the crowd sat in stunned and excited silence while these two beautiful people demonstrated every position of lovemaking as spelled out in the great book of love. There was no faking in their performance, either, and when they both finally succumbed to passionate climaxes, the audience cheered wildly.

It seemed that with every passing hour, the general feeling on Bugis Street was becoming much more sexual and obvious. Following the Kama Sutra exhibition, a small band began to play disco versions of popular songs. Couples gathered in a small square and began dancing. There was no modesty in the way they held one another. All inhibition seemed to have suddenly disappeared.

We drank all of this in, enjoying the beautiful and erotic spectacle before us. Our reverie was interrupted, however, when everyone's attention turned to a rooftop across the way. Standing on the roof were four or five naked young men, writhing to the music from below. We were told that there was a homosexual community nearby and that sometimes the 'gays' made their way onto Bugis Street and added their own version of bizarreness.

The boys on the rooftop put on what can only be called an exhibitionistic show. They fondled their

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penises, and fondled each other. They danced in the hot night until their flesh was gleaming with sweat. They were like some kind of vision out of a Roman orgy, a scene from Fellini's "Satyricon".

Then, the action became truly bizarre when a few lit torches were passed up to a group of young men. Their sexual dance was quickly turning into a kinky dance of fire. The boys held the flames between their legs and brought them dangerously close to their genitals. They swallowed the handle of the torches and performed mock fellatio. One young man bended over and grasped his ankles while another danced around his exposed buttocks, thrusting the lit torch close to his exposed anus.

There were moments during this sado-masochistic dance of fire when true pain was felt by the performers. The torches were too close to the flesh, and the smell of burning flesh and hair wafted over the street. We were a little shocked by this exhibition, but our guide told us to relax. "It is the dance, a traditional one in the community here whereby the boys test their courage and their ability to endure pain. Their heritage comes from the Fakirs of India."

The dance finally ended with the young boys disappearing onto the rooftop, ostensibly to quell the fires which they had started. Those fires burned elsewhere, too. That became instantly apparent as the partygoers turned to one another and resumed the festivities. The music began, and the temperature was exceedingly high. Bugis Street had outdone itself, and the party would not die until well into the dawn.

The next evening, we boarded our Pan Am 747 at Singapore Airport and bade farewell to the exotic Orient. We had had our first taste of Singapore and Bugis Street. The place was like a magnet, and we knew that we would be returning soon. After all, the beautiful people on Bugis Street had promised another party during our next visit. And there was no way in the world that we would pass up an invitation like that!





# JOIN THE TRANSSEXUAL REVOLUTION



CLOSET QUEENS 1/1



LES GIRLS 1/1



LES GIRLS 1/2



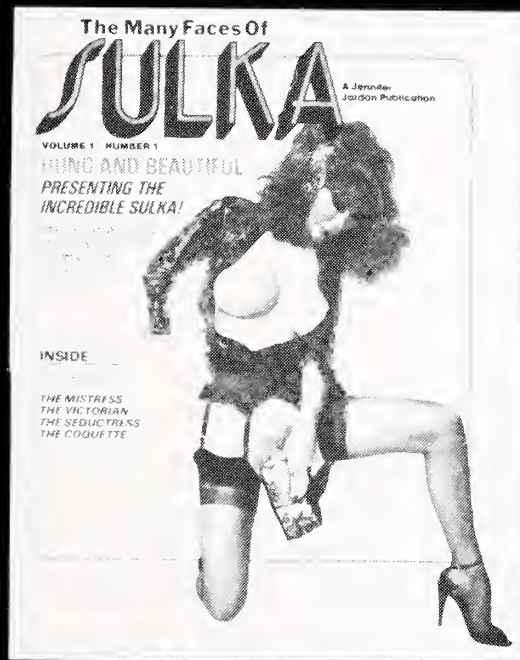
LES GIRLS 1/3



TORRID TV's 1/1



TORRID TV's 1/2



THE MANY FACES OF SULKA 1/1



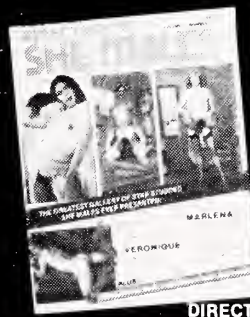
TRANSSEXUALS 1/1



TRANSSEXUALS 1/2



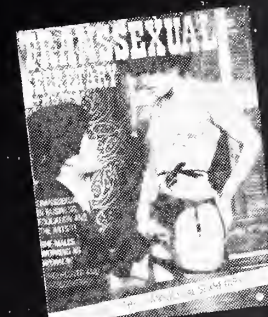
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*The Road to*  
**Singapore** — *My Story*  
*by* Mai Ling



My name is Mai Ling. I am twenty-four years old and I am a transsexual living in Singapore. It took me a year to get to Singapore, a year in which I knew that someday this city would be my home.

I was born in Taiwan, in the city of Kaohsiung. My parents were Chinese, and I was their only child. My father worked for the United States as a commodities representative, and we led a fairly comfortable life. I attended good schools, and was well taken care of.

As a little boy growing up in Taiwan, I began to experience the strange sensation that I was really a little girl. I found it very difficult to play with the other kids, especially when they played sports like baseball. My interests were in other places, and with other things. I had two girlfriends who used to let me dress up in their clothes, and I spent most of my time with them. I liked the things they liked, and I seemed to be able to relate to them better than to my male friends. I did not know what the problem was, although my parents seemed to be very concerned.

My father was quite adamant that I not play with girls and that I play baseball and learn to be a man. As I grew older, it occurred to me that quite possibly I wasn't a man at all. I just had no desire whatsoever to be a man. It was simple in my mind, but it caused great arguments between my parents.

I attended school through the university. I remember being in the locker room with the men and wondering if I was homosexual. I was excited by them, but not as one man to another. I wanted them to see me as a woman. I spent many nights alone in my room, dressing in nylon stockings, high heeled shoes, and silken oriental dresses. I practiced making up my face and making myself look beautiful. I did all of this in

secret, still uncertain of what I was or what I wanted.

One evening, my father caught me dressing up and ordered me to leave his home. He told me that I had caused him great embarrassment and grief. I had no choice but to pack my bags.

I took the boat across the Strait of Formosa to Hong Kong. I was drawn to the great city because on previous visits I had noticed a great many people who seemed displaced. At the time, I certainly felt like a displaced person. I knew that I wanted something, but I wasn't certain what it was. I hoped to find it in Hong Kong.

I got a job in a small boutique where they sold oriental dresses to foreigners. During this period, I wore men's clothing, but I also wore just the slightest touch of make-up. And that is how I met Francois.

Francois was a Parisian fashion designer who traveled the Orient for six months every year in search of new ideas. He was middle-aged, very handsome and quite charming. Francois seemed to take an interest in me the first time we met. I sold him three gowns and he invited me to dinner.

Francois took me back to his hotel room with him and asked me to model his dresses. He supplied me with a beautiful wig, then made up my face and showed me some of the tricks used by the Parisians. I put on a fashion show for him throughout the evening, and Francois thoroughly enjoyed himself. For that matter, so did I. Francois was the first man I had ever known who was looking at me as a woman. I felt extremely sexy and extremely stimulated.

Far into the night, Francois began to make love to me. I took his cock into my mouth, then allowed him to take me in the anus. That was the first time I had ever made love to a man. But that night, I was a woman and I realized what it was that I had

been looking for.

So did Francois. He explained to me how I should become a woman. He told me that I was beautiful, and that I should change my sex. I listened to him as though I had been waiting for his words for my entire life. My eyes were being opened, and I was transfixed.

The following day, Francois took me to a man he knew who dealt in black market drugs. I received a three month supply of hormone pills. Then, Francois took me to a man who specialized in electrolysis. For the remainder of the afternoon, I had the hair removed from my face, my chest and my legs. I was feeling more and more like a woman with every passing moment. We finished the day on a shopping spree. Francois bought me lace underwear, six pairs of extremely high heeled shoes, nylon stockings and five beautiful oriental dresses that were slit high up the side. The final purchase was for three wigs, one blonde and two brunette.

I spent the next two weeks with Francois, and during that time, we made love, shopped and saw Hong Kong. But more importantly, Francois taught me how to be a woman. He showed me how to walk, how to talk, how to dress and how to apply make-up. I was in love with Francois, and I wanted more than anything to be his beautiful woman.

But Francois disappeared. He left me a note telling me that he loved me, but that there was trouble in his life and he had to leave. He also left me with enough money to live on for three months.

I was crushed, but I was also more sure of myself than I had ever been before. I knew what I was, and what I wanted. For the first time in my life I felt good about myself. I was beginning to feel like a whole person.

The transsexual district in



Hong Kong became my home. I hung out in the bars and cabarets with the other 'girls'. I was very popular because of my looks and had no trouble making friends. The hormone pills were working wonders on my body. My flesh softened, and my breasts enlarged slightly. I wore padded bras, and began to consider the possibility of breast implants. The 'girls' told me that that was obviously the next logical step. They also told me that I should leave Hong Kong and go to Singapore.

Singapore, they said, was where all the real action was. They told me how modern and beautiful the city was, and how the transsexual population there got on very well with the local people. They said that there was opportunity there for work, plus great opportunity to become a working girl on Bugis Street if that was my desire.

My money was running low, and a decision faced me. Singapore sounded like the solution. Every girl I met in Hong Kong had plans to go to Singapore in the near future. They convinced me that Singapore was my destiny.

I took a boat from Hong Kong to Singapore, being advised to avoid the political madness in Viet-Nam and Cambodia. The first sight I had of Singapore was from the deck of the ship as we entered the harbor. The city was magnificent, with hundreds of beautiful skyscrapers touching the tropical blue sky.

I went immediately to Bugis Street. My plan was simple. I would take my remaining money and have a breast implant in one of the government hospitals, then I would get a job and settle down. I had been told that anything I needed could be had on Bugis Street.

At midnight, Bugis Street was alive with beautiful transsexuals from all over Asia. They were the most beautiful 'girls' I had ever seen. Many of them worked as

prostitutes, and they seemed to be doing very well. I met a 'girl' named Susie, a Chinese like myself, who had been in Singapore for three years. Susie was beautiful, and she was one of the more successful prostitutes on Bugis Street. Susie invited me to leave my hotel and stay with her while I had my operation, then to join her on Bugis Street. She explained that if I got a steady job during the daytime, I could earn a substantial extra income during the night on Bugis Street. Susie had been looking for a partner to invest with her in a boutique, and she was certain that with both of us pooling our money for a year, we would have enough to open a shop.

I had my breast implants done in the Alexandria Hospital, where most of the sex change operations in Singapore are performed. The surgeons did a beautiful job. I was now fully curved as a woman, and I loved the way I looked in my tight fitting oriental dresses. I felt reborn, as though I had emerged from years of darkness and had suddenly found myself. I was grateful that I had come to Singapore.

I got a job at one of the big tourist hotels, working in a boutique located on the shopping mall. I loved my job, and my experience with Francois had taught me a lot about fashion and design. No one knew that beneath my dress was the cock of a man, and no one even suspected. I wanted to keep that part of my life separate.

I worked every evening until six o'clock, then went home to Susie's apartment and ate a small dinner. I slept until ten-thirty, then bathed. By midnight, was ready for Bugis Street and the ongoing carnival of excitement and beauty that takes place there.

The firstnight I worked Bugis Street was memorable. I was very nervous. I think my nerves were on edge more because I was

more afraid of rejection than of selling my body. I had come a long way from my days in Taiwan, and Bugis Street was kind of a test for me. I would find out just how desirable I really was.

I dressed with great care that night. I wore a bright orange silk dress, very tight fitting and with a slit running all the way to my waist. I did not wear nylons or panties, only a pair of extremely high spiked heels. I wore my hair piled high, and took great pains with my make-up. Finally, I was ready. Susie took me by the hand, hailed a taxi and brought me to Bugis Street as a professional.

Susie sat me down at her regular table, and we sipped on iced drinks as we waited. Two American businessmen, well dressed and obviously out for a kinky night on the town, ambled over. Susie spoke very good English and bartered with them. They wanted to take us up to their hotel rooms where they had whiskey. Finally, the price was agreed upon and we got up to leave. I was very timid, and a little frightened. It suddenly occurred to me that possibly these men did not know that we were transsexuals. Susie laughed when I told her of my fears.

My trick was named John. He told me that he was from Los Angeles, and that he had many girlfriends in that city who were transsexual. He was very nice, and seemed to like me very much.

I went with John to his room and he began to undress me. I felt very self-conscious, hoping that my breasts would look alright. If John's response was any indication, I had nothing to fear. He seemed delighted. He kissed my breasts and sucked on my nipples. He was a very good lover, and used his mouth and hands with true expertise. He handled my cock as though it were the most natural thing in the world, and seemed pleased







with it. I had always thought that the men who desired transsexuals were homosexuals, but John showed me a different side. He truly wanted me as a woman, and he took me as a woman. He lay me down on the bed on my stomach and spread my legs. Then, he guided his large, thick cock into my anus. He came inside me, then we both went into the bathroom and showered. While we stood beneath the water, I dropped to my knees and began to suck on his cock. Once again, he came.

Susie and I returned to Bugis Street that night, two hours after we had left with the two Americans. Susie was excited because John had told her how good I was. I felt wonderful. A new flush of confidence seemed to spread across me, and I began to really think that Susie's plan for the future was possible.

That night, Susie and I took two more men, this time businessmen from India, into our arms. When we returned to Bugis Street, I noticed some of the other 'girls' beginning to look at me with concern in their eyes. Susie explained that my arrival on the Street had caused quite a stir, and that it had become obvious that I was presenting the other 'girls' with real competition. I was a little uncomfortable over this state of affairs, but I was also quite proud. In a matter of weeks, a new world had opened up to me and it appeared that I would be successful. That night I thought many times about the evening when I had left my parents home on Taiwan and about how much things had changed since then. I made up my mind then that someday I would go home and try to make my parents understand. Deep inside I felt that they would eventually accept me.

For a long time now, my life has been the same. I work at the same boutique in the hotel during the daytime, and I earn

money as a prostitute on Bugis Street at night. Susie and I are still living together, and we are saving money for our own boutique. I think that maybe in a year or so we will have enough to finally open our dream shop.

The people who come to Bugis Street have provided me with an incredible education in humanity. I have gone to bed with countless numbers of businessmen from all over the world. Men who I am certain are successful and upstanding citizens; yet men who find great excitement in taking a woman like myself to bed. The fact that I have beautiful breasts, a good figure and a penis seems to turn them on very much. I think that my unique state is very beneficial for my business. I am not certain how I would if I were to have the operation.

Like every other girl on Bugis Street, I have given thought to the operation. I have seen the

results of the sex change surgery on three of my friends, and it was very convincing. Alexandria Hospital is one of the best places in the world to have the operation, and the Government in Singapore recognized the operation as a legal one. But each of the 'girls' who had the surgery left Bugis Street and disappeared into normal society. Once they were complete women, the transsexual community seemed to hold nothing for them. With many of the 'girls' with whom I speak, the notion that transsexualism is a unique state that is ended with operation seems to prevail. Most of the 'girls' who work the street with me are still men down below.

I suppose that this situation exists because most of the customers want transsexuals who are in the state of change. They view us as being truly exotic because we have breasts and







male genitals. That is part of the lure that bring them to Bugis Street.

One evening not too long ago, I was approached by three men who wanted nothing more than from me than to take my picture in the nude. I went to their hotel and stripped, and for an hour, they all took pictures with their little cameras. When they had finished, they paid me and I left. To them, seeing someone like me was a bizarre and exotic experience.

On another night, I was approached by a young, goodlooking couple. In most cases, I do not like making love to another woman. I am not a lesbian, I like men. But with

these people, they were both so sexually attractive that I found them hard to resist. And besides, they were offering me a lot of money.

We all went to a small hotel that we girls use and rented a room. We had a few drinks, then took off our clothes. The couple, both Americans, wanted me to make love to both of them separately. The wife wanted to watch her husband getting a blow job, and she wanted to watch him sucking my cock. Then, she wanted to watch him penetrate my ass. When I had finished with him, he then sat back and watched as his wife sucked on my cock and I ate her out. Then he masturbated while

I screwed her. It was a bizarre evening for me. They explained that I was the perfect "solution" to their problems of jealousy, that with me it was possible to watch one another making love without being jealous.

My life on Bugis Street is filled with experiences like these. It is a split life. During the day, I am truly a woman earning her keep in the boutique. At night, I become a transsexual prostitute. It is a strange, exotic and oftentimes confusing existence. And sometimes, I think that Singapore is the only city in the world where I would be capable of living such a life. For an Asian transsexual like myself, there is no place on earth like Singapore.



